AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-SONG. AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVES AND AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVES AND A WARE THE RESULT OF THE RESULT

Tell me why the foolish wind
Is to her tresses ever kind.
And only blows them in such wise
As lends her beauty some surprise;
Tell me why no chanking year
Can change from Spring. If she appear;
Tell me why to see her face
Begets in all folk else a grace
That makes them fair, as love of her
Did to a gentler nature stir.

Tell me why, if she but go
Alone across the fields of snow,
All fancies of the Springs of old
Within a lover's breast grow hold;
Tell me why, when her he sees,
Within him stirs an April breeze;
And all that in his secret heart
Most sacredly was set apart,
And most was hidden, then awakes,
At the sweet joy her coming makes.
Tell me what is writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

THE NOW-AND-THEN RIVER

VIGNETTE OF AN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRY The Andy Hatcher and the Frank Preston were leaving Catlettsburg, leaving the Ohio River, and each striving to leave the other. Side by side in the yellow water of the Big Sandy, which at Catlettsburg pours its uncertain flood into the Ohio, the two stern-wheel steamboats raced, raced slowly, as a worn out horse will strain his stiff old joints at times to prove that some other quadruped is still slower than himself. Sunset colors were in the sky; caving washed out and washed over river banks on the right hand and on the left: thousands of great logs forming rafts and fleets of rafts; and, side by side, the Andy Hatcher and the Frank Preston, puffing with a tremendous display of incapacity. Our Andy Hatcher was crowded with lumbermen, but one more had wanted to be taken on board and had come out with swinging, careless gait across the big rafts:

"Will ver wait tel I go ter the town and get my coat?" he had asked.

When it was explained to him that even the Andy Hatcher could not wait so long? he had returned across the rafts with the same swinging. careless stride to stay where he was for a few days more. To the lumberman who floats and | boiler had busted" in consequence of the race lives on floating logs "to-morrow becomes as to- against our Andy Hatcher.

up by the bank and wait for a cargo of eggs; so such as this, where a liberal sweep and curve ness shown in this instance.

On the two crowded boats men yelled jeered and the drubbing paddle wheels spun round faster and faster as the race progressed, with never a spectator to admire such a pair of contestants in picturesque decay. Yet stay, here comes one spectator; one woman of the hardened sort you find where lumbermen often pass comes striding across the rafts, fearless, unconscious of the short pipe she is smoking, grinning with

Presently the Frank Preston dropped behind to pick up a raftsman who wanted to be take aboard; but "it will follow us," a native says, plum up ter Pike." We shall see about that

These lumbermen make supplies from their farms and pay taxes with the logs they float down. "There is a raft worth \$5,000," said one at my elbow; and added in explanation, "black walnut timber." But most of the rafts bring scarcely more than one-fiftieth of that sum. The most active among these men will float down six or seven such rafts in the course of a season. As it is better even to float than to remain absolutely stationary; the population along this river-way are distinctly superior to those who dwell further up among the mountains; and a certain shrewdness gleams through occasional observations they make. A serious looking fellow was asserting that they had recently passed through the "bigges storm in 300 years."

"How's that?" some one asked. "How do you know all that has happened in 300 years?"

"Waal," was the drawling answer, "it blowed what it never did blow down before." When night, with fog, had settled down upon

us, they sprawled themselves, and curled themselves, and flattened themselves, or hid and utterly offseed themselves-did these brown skinned giants -on the floor, in corners, on shelves, or, like rats; in unsearchable dark holes. As many as could crowd around the card-table were playing "seven up," or watching the sly leads and the pounding phasis with which greasy eards were dashed on the table.

Before the door of Stateroom No. 5 was the slim, long figure of an individual who discharged the functions of purser, first officer and clerk; who wore a cap, had scarcely any chin, but an Adam's apple so obtrusive that it looked like a mobile chin which, by mistake, had become attached to the neck instead of to the face. This individual was perched on a box and passing a brooms ick through the transom above the door of No. 5, and with this broomstick he was poking with vicious thrusts. An obstinate fellow had taken possession of the stateroom and refused to budge, so now the individual was poking him in the head with a broom-

In the centre of the cabin a young school teacher and her niece were sitting close together, a striped shawl thrown over the shoulders of both of them. Presently the aunt's head went down in the niece's lap, and they swayed with a fondling, soothing motion. Their was tenderness in their pose and gentleness in their expression. If you make a picture in your mind, let this scene of the young women's gentleness be in the foreground; and, in the background, brown, bare-throated, stooping, flat-chested! sinewy giants, sprawling higgledypiggledy, with equal indifference to sleeping or

At another time the school-mistress, speaking with several of us, said she had been teaching since she was fifteen, and that she taught bookkeeping ("single entry; they don't get beyond that") history, and "all the elementary branches." She and her niece were from West Virginia, and they were going to visit in Pikeville, Kentucky. In her little "elementary" history of herself which she communicated to us was the kind of pathos, perhaps the only kind of pathos, that appeals to a man-it was so repressed and she was so uncorscious. She never said she wanted to get away to the great cities, or, just for once in her life, to see omething besides the mountains-she who knew by heart those glowing enumerations of foreign and domestic attractions appended, in her elementary geography, to the lists of "principal towns." she just told of teaching half the year from 9 o'clock to 4, and studying the other half. Her father had been a lawyer, a member of the State Senate, and he had intended to send her to college for six years. With this intention unfulfilled, he died; and she had begun to teach (at \$25 a month)

ther river in summer time; or, times, you kin step it becomes imperative; evidently be is ercross on stepping stones," as the natives say: | frequenter of the cave, for here, on a ledge of and again it will rise suddenly and flood the banks, carving out these terraces, twenty-five or thirty feet above its bed. It might be called the Nowand-Then River. But it is unlike the Moselle, inlike most streams that run among hills, in fact, in one important particular; for it is nowhere rapid between Pikeville and the Ohio. To that extent it is the most friendly and usable of streams, the preferred highway in all that region. The banks slope with an even pitch into this gentle current: no landing places are required; our flat-bottomed st/amer will touch anywhere to take on a passenger or put off freight. For about one hundred miles there extends a double water front that is quite good enough for the purposes of this simple

In the course of the morning we transferred surselves to a smaller and swifter boat, the Sip Bayes, built by A. Dupine, to whom all honor, for he served as engineer on the boat he had made; and, fur h rmore, he had fourteen children at home and his wife on board. The Sin Bayes drew almost nothing, whirled its two side wheels with exemplary vigor, and would stop for us whenever we wanted to look at the coal veins.

chariot. Four two-year-old steers were hitched to a low sledge of oak, the knees being rough blocks of the same wood, and not an iron nail or hand used to fasten any of the various parts together. A barrel, a bag and a box were loaded line may be whirling and whistling with brisk cheerfulness. The same men who made sledges without iron for transporting merchandise

right: I don't think that's right. Them women more work 'n the men, an' then go home an

"And for their superior work you pay them seventy-five cents a day?" I asked. "Naw, seventy-five cents a week. Tain't right;

I don't think that's right." An extreme case, of course. The women are mmonly paid about half as much as the male

At Richardson we saw the Frank Preston, now floating calmly down the stream. Just what had happened I did not learn, but was told that "a

Above Richardson the scenery was on a larger Now, it has been said of the Andy Hatcher that scale and with somewhat bolder features; but if the captain hears a hen cackle he will draw still the most attractive bits were studies in color, it is with pleasure that I note the haudable firm- of the yellow river opened before us A violet two guns up at this point, to sweep all the

by floods repeatedly each year. "You kin wade | and evidently he does such hard work only when coal, which one brushed by in making his way inward, is a bird's nest, with five fuzzy per-wees

Just look at "Sant" Lane. Well over six feet; thin néck; a blue garment, something between a says: "Blank, blank coal, 'tain't no item up here. Why, you set an old hen scratchin' in a

here. Why, you set an old hen seratchin' in a branch (stream) anywhere an' she'll find coal scratchin'."

Bravo, "Sant" Lane! No one will venture to speak about plentiful coals after your delightful colloquialism. These people living along by the Big Sandy stand apart from the great body of the mountaineers. Communication is so much easier, life moves along so much more smoothly, thanks to their Now-and-Then River,

Answer. "Naw, hit's thar yit, and good cookling coal too."

Q. "How about the ash?" A. "Ernough ash to make soap for all winter."

Q. "Any sulphur?" A "Not ernough sulphur to make er lueifer match."

A. "How much volatile matter?" A. "Stranger! ther ain't no matter."

Q. "What percentage of fixed carbon?" A "Can't rightly say erbout fixed carbon; hain't heerd nothin' bout it; but I reckon ther ain't none in a too."

It is a rough country—a very, very rough country—it is a rough country—a very, very rough country—it is a that they speak of their country as "the greatest place in the world." And, indeed, there were of as we passed along in the Sip Bayes. For example, just see how informally the boat draws holding a bouquet in her hand, waits smiling. her, or both; but every one has had the

And again: As we sat at supper, the boat's aptain, with smirking self-sati-faction, said: You are going to have Big Sandy fare,

dried apples, fortunately our own bread and butter. The steward asked me how I liked lettuce, and abserved that he himself liked it killed in grease."

say: "Captain, I enjoyed my supper very much": to which he, with self-approval, re-plied sarcastically: "We can just about keep

We slept on shore the second night; and some of us slept so long that a messen er was sent



gray roof of old shingles showed above the folinge I toud along this curve. on the bank; below in the stream a fleet of six rafts-great logs, three feet in diameter; on each raft two big lazy fellows, leaning against the adong and drove them away. Disn't hart any body much." brown; a girl-child with its hands on the waman's shoulders, her little body pressed against the mothers and her round face with quiet eyes turned toward the passing boat; a boy-child in true boyish attitude-sitting with feet wide apart, rod in his hands, head bent down indifferently

And now we were nearing Whitehouse, at the extreme Forthern limit of the cannel-coal region, and there the interest of our trip began to deepen, with an intensity that, to me, was most sur-prising. Tales, too much like the doubtful old stories of hidden treasure! I had of course read in printed accounts of the undeveloped natural wealth of Eastern Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia, but I frankly confess I had set them down as being gross exaggerations or covert advertisements, inspired by "boomers. Quaint and picturesque features I had found during previous excursions on horseback through the Southern mountains, but neither hidden treasure nor promise of hidden treasure. So I approached the limits of the coal fields in a highly sceptical frame of mind, and was ever disposed to make sport of so pretty an incident as this-that a handsome young town-bred woman, looking quite out of place in that rough country. boarded the Sip Bayes as we were drawing near the first mine, and, when we had reached White house, left us, as who should say: "This way fortune lies." Would it spoil the incident to give our fair guide's name and to explain that she lived at Whitehouse and had been educated at a good city school? Well, at any rate; the omens were propitious; and, little by little, my scepticism was dislodged by positive proof of the existence of wholly undeveloped natural resources of incalculable value; mountains of coal and of iron and great forests of poplar, oak and walnut extending from Whitehouse away down to the Blue Ridge, below Johnson City, Tennessee, Hidden treasure, indeed, simply and literally hidden treasure; and therefore a new interest in our journey, which from this point delighted me with union of magnificent scenery, new types of character among the mountain people and hidden treasure-three elements that you may not often find in combination.

one opening from which cannel-coal has been taken in small quantities for five years past, we stopped every now and then in our progress up the river at points where the especially fine veins were to seen. Now on the right hand, now on the left: now cannel coal, now splint coal, now plain bituminous coal, and now, finally, near Pikeville, the superb cooking coal-coals, coals, coals, showing everywhere; but taken out only in minute

man named wight after fron-fittle at wright, who is a quiet cool citizer. Is he the Wright the general tells about—the one who has killed nine teen men? No, that's his brother. Well, we were slitting on the piazua of Councilly's Hatel, in "Pike," when little Mr. Wright in shovel-hat and high-buttoned black coat looking lite a seedy parson, came through the gate with another sherift's officer and Flannery. Flanners's han is were fastened together in front of him with old-fashioned handcuits.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Mr. Wright,

forching his half the person in to the hold of thee, where he gave Flannery a seat. Flannery looked as though he would willingly have sat on the floor.

And for how long was Flannery antenced? Well, he wouldn't be taking sleep or food at home for another year or so. And that is the whole story of Flannery, as I have it from Mr. Wright. It seemed a fit introduction to Pike County, which is still a clearing house of blood fends. The natives war among themselves with wholesale slaughter, now and then, but they don't bother about strategers. They divide by a clean cut the people they love or hate from all the rest of the world—the indifferent world—the world that they regard with idle curi-sity, at most, never molesting those who, from this outcan see, when you have questioned them in regard to directions and distances, that they are looking at the mountains beyond, not looking at you or thinking of your question.

and did get away she went right down the best of the creek; so they hat her trail.

"How long ago aid it happen?"

"Oh, I don't know; it was when them Indians was here?"

But the deckinnd eclipsed both general and captain by calling out. "Ther's the bar popular-thirty nine feet in circumference round it.

At so, in the morning of the econi day after leaving Catlettsburg, we came to Pikevile, where we left the boat, built by good A. Duplace, and found saddle horses to take us on our way. But we sport that Sanday afternoon and night at "Pike," as they call it; and at "Pike," we saw "Finnery. He had not been at home to bed or breakfast in a year-Flannery hadn't. Moonshiming? Well, yes, I reckon so. At any rate, his neighbor's cattle get into his confidel, and high-buttoned black case? I looking like a seen leave were gitting on the plazas of Connelly's Hole, in "Pike," when little Mr. Wright, in "Pike," when little Mr. Wright in Shovelbat and high-buttoned black case? Looking like a seen't leave were fitting on the plazas of Connelly's Hole, in "Pike," when little Mr. Wright in shovelbat and high-buttoned black case? Looking like a seen't looked as though be would willingly have sat to be save plannery, a sant. Hannery booked as though be would willingly have sat looked as though be would willingly have sat

fashioned handcuits. "Good evening, gentlemen," said Mr. Wright, touching his hat. He nessed in to the lotel of fice, where he gave Flannery a seat. Flannery looked as though he would willingly have sat the first head of the fir

From The Cleveland Leader. looking at the mountains beyond, not looking at you or thinking of your question.

Hear now what might be said with impunity to an audience in Pike:

The bachelor and I were passing the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church building in the afternoon, and stepped in through the open door and stood for a moment behind a screen that was placed near the door.

"Good living," the preacher was saying? "consists in adaptation to environment. And now, my brethren and sisters, what is environment? Environment, environment is what you cut and drink."

drink."

The bachelor and I put on our hats and fled, carrying away this awful doubt still unsolved. Did that preacher go on with his definitions and state that adaptation meant knife and fork? Or did his adaptation, my brethren, mean tumbler, spoon, bit of lemon peel and just one lump of white sugar?

From Pikeville onward, and to the right and to the left, eaking coal, coking coal, in four-

died; and she had begun to teach (at \$25 a month) and to study in a mechanical sort of way, without hope beyond.

She made up her mind that there was no more chance for her to get out into the world—the world treated of in her "elementary branches"—than there was for a tree (this was her own modest estimate) far away from river or railroad. The children she taught ranged from 6 to 21 years of age. It must have been a task for that wisp of a woman to manage mountaineers of 21, children morally and intellectually.

The Frank Preston passed us during the night, which was an easy matter, inasmuch as we were tied up for several hours, so that all hands might sleep—our exploring party sleeping on cot beds which we had brought with us. And in the morning we found ourselves passing through scenes that recalled those on the Mosalle, below Trier, with the close terraced, wooded banks, covered tharge trees which thrive, although tugged at supply fer Mrs. Lane. He says it's hard work;

Import white sugar?

From Plkeville conward, and to the risht and the farmers own fiver local, ending coal, in four farmers low five heads, and the farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the passing with pick and basket, very much as farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has been with scuttle and the farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the left, coking coal, cold, in four farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the left, coking coal, ending coal, in four farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the pists and the farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the pists and the farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the visits do the left, coking coal, coking coal, ending the farmers' own fireplaces. Every farmer there has the visits of the left, coking coal, coking coal, coking coal, coking coal, coking coal, coking coking coking farmers'

An enumeration of the various points examined could not fail; therefore, to be more or less incomplete and misleading. But are there papaw trees and are there coking coals from Pikeville to Elkhorn, and so on across the ridee away down to Hutter's Valley, in the southwestern corner of Virgiria? Yes, there are papaw trees and coking coals: no man can yet say how many papaws or how much coking. "Sant" Lane's old hen might do her work of discovery here also. Would you care to learn how much the owners of land and mining rights know in regard to their untouched hoard? Then question this man who comes along, and who has mary acros of what he calls "cooking coal" to sell. Well, here he is, and this is what he canswers: Question. "Sold that coking coal yet! sir?" nswer. "Naw, hit's thar yit, and good cook-

heerd nothin bout it; but I recomnone in a ton."

It is a rough country—a very, very rough country. We were in effect taking the world into
the wilderness. Our three wagons, loaded with
tents and provisions, our score of men and
horses, made short nights and long days of it,
camping the first night at Venter's, May 30, and
pressing on with many a detour in search of
what may be truly called out-of-the-way information, by Ash Camp, Elkhorn and through the
Breaks, to Mullin's, on Camp Branch, for the
second night.

the situation of Eikhorn, where there is in-inning of a village; is lovely, with its hun-d acres of smooth highland surrounded by oded hills, but we found it impossible in that e Mountain region to spare our admiration smaller beauties, inasmuch as the magnifi-t corge knew, as The Breaks claimed it

WHEN LIFLBOATS FAIL.

to him to imply a want of such conficence passenger trace, are they would be of very little value unstances, and they would be of very little value on the energencies as are most commonly associate in life waying appliances. Let a steamship like the life, for instance, be so forn by collision with ting wrick or an leober; that the great vessel on the life being the state of the life beats of the life beats of the present on board from minocial the life beats would prove utterly inadequate to end to the persons on board from minocial the life beats would prevent the amount of the life beats could hold, and it follows that the number of the persons would be twice as great as the gest possible remnant saved. And in the hour of the chances are that a high sea and general common would prevent the proper loading of the boats, or even cause the destruction of some on. Almost every steamship entering the port of work within the last week or two has had boay when the trace in the mainly happens that in very storm other the lifeboats are more or less damaged. the small beauts of a great Atlantic liner are useful the small beats of a great Atlantic liner are useful the shore or some other vessel

The smull boats of a great Atlantic liner are useful in case of disaster if the shore or some other vessel is near enough to render several trips to and from the shading steamer possible. They serve admirably also when there are no passengers or very few, and they can be lowered and filled without accident. But when destruction comes in its most awful forms and no refute is near except the small boats of a great occur steamehip carrying many passengers, an appalling trapedy must hervitably result. The trust of all on board the big line steamships which cross the Atlantic must be put, as Dr. Holmes rightly though though the the case, almost wholly in the great and almost indo truetible vessels which yearly pass in safety through the wildest storms and the severest tests of seawerthiness.

From Chambers's Journal.

Many of the country dames and damaels look as if they had been brought up on scap and water. Their faces glisten so preternaturally; their pois and pans, the red tiles of their floors, their fables and benefics all bear witness so unmistabily to their cleansing arter. I suppose a fly in the butter they were churning, or a mired foot on the bearts they have but just scrubbed, would be as nearly likely to give them a fit as anything could be. From Chambers's Journal.

Don't miss the wonderful ice-bridge at Niagara Falls. New-York Central direct route.

MY LADY'S COMING. Edward F. Strange in Atalanta.

Edward F. Strange in Atalanta.

Time stole over the hill one morn
leading my Lady by the hand—
Degreest, you came wild the young, green corn
When the vide of spring time was in the land;
And your cheeks were red with the light of the mor
And a rose was in your hand!
What was the song you sang to me
That day when our love was young!
Degreest, you sang right merrily.
The sweetest that ever was sung—
For 'twes all of our love—and you sang to me
Long ago when our love was young.
Fain would lime have borne you away
Over the hills to the life to be—
Degreest, you smiled, and I bade you stay,
And I clasped your hand; but it might not be.
So I have come with you from far away.
Over the hills to the Sea.
And still Time harries us on and on,
Iland in hand, till the journey's o'er—
Degreest, too soon will the light be gone;
Aiready I hear the breakers' roar,
And the surge of the waves on the yellow sand
Where we shall bid Time farewell—and stand,
Iland in hand—on the Shore!

THE END OF A FEUD.

It was certainly a first-rate feud and a source of much pride to the settlers in and about Hickey Township, just as a haunted house or a murder mystery or a long-lived scandal might have been—only the feud was much more satisfactory, because it had been on for four years, and hardly a month had passed during all that time that had not witnessed some new episode in the affair, and each one seemed more startling than its predecessor. And so it was that the good people of Hickey Township held their heads just a little bit higher than their less fortunate friends who reside in more peaceful portions of the country.

timate friends who reside in more peaceful par-tions of the country.

It—the feud—all started on account of a year-ling calf—than which, permit me a stock-raiser of limited but fruitful experience to inter-polate, there never was nor can there ever be a creature more hopelessly, unreasonably "ornery," and one more productive of simul language and display of sultry temper on the part of its keepers. Verrings calves have caused the recording angel

The Walkers and the Benedicts had been old the Waisers and the relation and the registers for years, back in loway. In fact, the elder Walkers and the elder Benedicts ball been married about the same time, at the beginning of the war, and had just settled on adjoining lowesteads when the first gun was fixed on sum er. The men enlisted in the same company, fought side by side, are and slept and suffered together; and at home their young wives waited and wept together. When the little Walkers and the little of all this wealth were so miserably near together. When the little Walkers and the little walker enough to run about the little walkers grew large enough to run about the land of an early marker and boon companions; the least little ware playmates and boon companions; the little ware playmates and boon companions; the least little ware playmat

life in Hickey Township and at Hickey Contents on the partners were in the partners of the Chindran of the cold on horselvand; a time to the end of needs, but only a time to the end of needs, but only a time to the said that fills the describation of the said that the said that fills the describation of the said that the said are terminate, on the southern were the two housesteads, band in the said are about ten miles distant for the said are about to miles distant the said are about to miles distant for a said a partner seed that the said are said to the said that the said t

is cabbages, and Papa Walker sued Pape shot for the value of the calf. After that prosecuted each other for assault and bat: the younger members of both houses sed each other at every available opporty. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. lenedlet did no "neighborin"; and Mort Benedlet and to Walker busted up with each other, is, Nellie broke with Mort, who for his had a wholesome contempt for feuds and nonsense, and would fain have ignored the of affairs, so for as Nellie was concerned, at for the opposition any overtures from would have received on all sides, and estily from Nellie. So he had to grin and it, leaving, however, all hostilities to the standard aspeaking pleasantly to any of the kers he chanced to meet.

Walkers he chanced to meet.

Rot finally, through a rash act of his own, he
was forced into the loud. There was a huskingbee of the good old-tashioned sort at Thompson's
one might, and the vormer members of the hostile
houses attended. During the evening Mort found sel ear in his pile, and he never knew what helied him to do it unless it was that Nellie ked so pretty and tempting he took his former setheart in his arms and hissed her, not once,

looked so pretty and tempting—he took his folder sweetheart in his arms and kissed her, not once, but three times.

As soon as it could be done without the girls knowing it, Bud Walker and Harvey Free invited Mort and Pel liorner out into the moonlit assure, where Bud insisted on "having it out." Mort demarred, but in vain, and much to his regret was forced to "liek" to a standstill, not only the man he hoped come day to call his brother-in-law, but the latter's second as well, Pel Horner being a cripple and unable to accommodate young Free, who was "pinin" on account of his principal's defeat.

That settled it. Thereafter even tender-hearted Mrs. Walker—who, like Mrs. Benedict, sincerely but silently regretted the trouble that kept her spart from her old-time friends these four long years, and who had always had a pleasant greeting for all the family, especially for Mort, who was a great favorite of hers—cut him deal when she happened to meet him, and even the frigid inclination of the head with which Nellie had been wont to recognize his presence on those rare operations on which they met was now denied him.

wont to recognize his presence on those rare occasions on which they met was now denied him. All this cut Mort deeply, but he was made of to tough fibre to show it; so, till the end of the fend, he tried to not as though he did not care—ast as did Nellie, who, however, was obliged to confess to herself, once in awhile, that she did Netherland to make the fend, he had not care—ast as did Nellie, who, however, was obliged to confess to herself, once in awhile, that she did Netherland to make the fend, he had not not confess to herself, once in awhile, that she did Netherland to make the fend of the fend, he tried to not as though he did not eare—ast to her hands on his shoulders.

"If ye want me to, Mort."

"He drew her face down to his, but put her at arms' length, presently.

"They aim't no more fend, Mort."—(R. L. Netchum, in the San Francisco Argonaut.

history of many portions of the Dakotas. Las amount of rain in the fall and the snowfall of the winter preceding had been very slight, indeed, and there were no spring rains to encourage the farmers. The creekbets and coules the winter preceding had been very slight, indeed, and there were no spring rains to encourage the farmers. The creckhets and coules were dry; the likebeds and sloughs were as innecent of water as powder magazines, and the matted grasses and reeds standing in them were as dry as was the grass on the prairies. Everything invited the fire fiend, whose work on the plains is so swift and thorough—and he accepted the invitation.

From the wheat regions up north came tales of his deadly work—of counties almost entirely laid waste, of hundreds made homeless and peaniless, with nothing left even wherewith to wring their bread out of the soil.

In C.— County and its neighbors, however, all felt secure: the fires were far north of them and being gradually exterminated. Besides, they were in the Jim River Valley; it is curious how much confidence the proximity of a river will give to the settler who is threatened by prairie fires.

Mort Benedict and his father were returning from the county town one day, having been in to leave "mother" for a two days' visit and to have the breaking-nlow repaired. For a day or two there had been rumons of fires only twenty miles or so to the north, and they were talking of this as they crossed the bridge four miles from thome. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river Mort glanced at the northern home.

Japanese, Chinese, Turkish & India Goods.

877-879 Broadway.

Offer MONDAY, Jan. 9th, SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN

JAPANESE ART EMBROIDERIES.

HIGH CLASS NOVELTIES

Silk Bed Spreads
Elaborately Embroidered \$18 to \$65 ea. Satin Table Covers

36-in. - - - - \$10 ea. 45-in. - - - \$12 ea.

Silk Table Covers

Gold Embroidered, with drawn work Wor. \$24 Chinese Silk Crepe Shawls

silk Embroidered. \$18 to \$175 ea. Also Choice Noveltles in Curtains, Portieres,

Panels, Cushion Squares, Piano Scarfs and Doilies.

"Look, father!"
Startled, the elder man did so.
"Good God, Mort! She's a-comin', an' comin'
beat h-l, too! We got t' race t' save anydiget!"

they saiffed the coming liames, and it seemed to put wild imps into their lumbering carcasses, and it was a long, trying time before Mort could catch two of them, swear, pray, try as he might—and the great fire rolled swiftly nearer. The wind had shifted from north-east to northwest. Mort saw with a sinking at his heart that there was an even chance of getting cut off from the river.

Mr. Walker was on a feather bed on the floor of the wagen and Mrs. Walker crouched beside him. Nellie ran back into the house for the family Bible, then climbed up beside Mort.

"Git up! Clk!" The heavy whip came down hard on the horses flanks, and the race was begin. Faster came the flames; the billow of smoke rolled over them, now and then dropping feathery grass-cinders as it passed; they could hear the roar of the fire and feel its hot breath whenever the wind increased in velocity—and Jim River so far away!

rear of the fire and feel its hot breath whenever the wind increased in velocity—and Jim River so far away!

Nearer came the great wave of flame; the air was dense and suffocating. Mort in his frenzy bulsed the now running liorses incessantly, cursing, praying, saying he knew not what. Mrs. Walker wept and prayet; Mr. Walker new and then gave a feeble mean: Nellie, on the seat beside Mort, kept her lips tight closed and said nothing, only clinging to the seat more desperately as the wagon bounced and larehed.

Mort looked at her; her silence angered him. Git off in th' seat! he roared. "How d'ye think I e'n drive, with you sittin' that?"

The girl obeyed, and fell, rather than elimbed, back into the box.

Mort Benedict's recollections of what occurred after that are very dim. He remembers driving deeper and deeper into the terrible heat and smoke, of tearing through a volume of flame that seemed endless—flame that burned his eyes, his nostrils, his throat, and seerched his hair and eyebrows—then, with a fluad leap, the horses dashed down the slope into the shallow river, and he knew no more.

When Mort awoke, he could not for some time

When Mort awoke, he could not for some time realize where he was, and lay for some minutes trying to remember. Oh, yes; he was in Will lierry's room. He remembered the antiers on the wall and the white curtains at the windows. Some one came in settly from the next room.

"Who is it?" he asked.

It was Nellie, and she came and leaned over him. "It's me, Mort. I've be'n here all th' time. I thought ye knew me, sometimes. You've be'n sick."

"Are we here t' stay, Nell-always. I mean?" When Mort awoke, he could not for some time

"Are ye here t' stay, Nell-always, I mean?"
She sat down on the edge of the bed and put her hands on his shoulders.
"If ye want me to, Mort."
He drew her face down to his, but put her at arms! learth or security.

From The Detroit Free Press.

The New-York newshow had concluded to go West, and when he reached Chmaha he dropped off the train by the assistance of a brakeman and began looking around a bit. After four days of travel and tributation he thought it time to go into business or leave fown, so he tackled a fellow craftsman, a hid about his own age.

"I say, cully," he remarked as a feeler, "how's de har in dis town!"

"Good enough for me," responded the Omaša kid.
"Make anything sellin' papes!"

"Yep."

"Yep."
"Feeter be in de biz meself."

"Where at !"
New York City,"
New York city,"
asked the Western lid with
"Make much there!" asked the Western lid with

Make much there?" asked the Western kid with his eyes bulging.
"Cent er cent 'n half on a pape."
"That all?" and the Omaha boy's face fell. "We makes two and a half cents on ourn."
The New Yorker glanned up and down the street, swept his eye over all the bulddings and turned up his nose distainfully.

"Yes, cully," he said in a pitying tone, "but youse ot to five in Omaha to do it, and I ain't gettin' rich at that price. See? Good-by."

The experience of Detroit shows that contagious diseases are easily spread in ways that seem perfectly innocent. In that city the scholars in the public schools get one pencil to-day and another to-morrow, all the pencils being dropped into a box at the close of school each day. Children have the